

# The Log of the Seven Bells Club

By Charles Dryden.

## In Which the Tourist Learns of the Evils Resulting From Feeding Sailors Real Food

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ONE ardent day in June, at the fashionable hour of high noon, the Luly Alice slipped her moorings at Mission Pier and started for Samoa. As a last preliminary to swatting the billows over a 4,000-mile course, a wagon-load of able seamen, in various stages of collapse, backed to the rail. The sight of his crew acted as a tonic on the jaded Capt. Jute.

"Get those dogs on board, lively now!" he roared, scowling at the dopey mariners.

"All right, sir," responded Mr. Barnacle, chief mate. "We'll tend to 'em."

Assisted by the crimps in charge of the wagon the mates hustled the six seamen, a full crew for the bark, over the side and chucked their dunnage after them. Two of the men, unconscious from the effect of drink and drugs, were shoved like packages of freight through an opening in the lumber cargo that led into the forward house. The other four nautical ruffians in patched overalls stood peering heavily at the superb ensemble of the Luly Alice.

"All aboard, sir!" shouted the mate.

"Cast off and hand in the fenders," ordered Jute. "The tide serves, and we'll lose our chance pretty soon."

Blitting into a plug of wholesome tobacco that stuck out of the upper left-hand pocket of his coat, by simply hunching the garment a few inches, the captain fell to pacing the deck after the manner of sea-going skippers. The mates repeated his orders and proceeded to kick new thoughts and ambitions into the somnolent seamen. Ready loungers on the wharf cast off the lines, while the crew hauled aboard; the tug shrieked a warning note and coughed into the stream with the bark alongside. When clear of wharves and shipping the towboat forged ahead and went wheezing down the bay, the Luly Alice trailing astern at the end of a wire cable.

The commotion on deck stirred Mr. Bloke, tourist, from the slums of remorse, and he emerged from the onion-scented boudoir they called his stateroom. He desired to be present at the first instalment of his money's worth. As the dazzling white helmet and wan face of the tourist peered into the cockpit, an aged and battered wreck, who clung to the wheel in the belief that he was steering dropped the spokes and sank to his knees.

"Is this a private yok, or has the jumps took hold of me again?" he gasped.

"Did you speak, sir?"

"Nothin' serious. You come on me sudden like. No harm done."

Still ashy from the shock, the man at the wheel crawled to his feet and hung swaying, while Mr. Bloke mounted the ladder and joined the captain on the poop.

"One of your sailors appears to be quite ill."

"Which one?"

"Back there," said Mr. Bloke.

A low-grade smile relaxed the ferocity of the skipper's visage.

The doctors are busy forward, but they'll attend to him by and by, if he doesn't get well pretty soon. Strong medicine is what the sailor needs ahead. The victuals and drink they get ashore makes

them chesty until we knock that foolishness out of the yellow dogs at sea. You've never seen it done, I reckon?"

For an instant green lights flashed before the tired eyes of Willie Bloke, and he felt his small frame shiver within the near-duck suit.

"No," he said, weakly. "I've never seen gout treated on land or sea."

"Just you wait, then, and watch us slum things," Jute went on. "I can see urgent cases waiting fore and aft. There's never a voyage that I don't handle some poor seaman for dyspepsia and nervous indigestion. Got to do it. Last trip my crew actually demanded butter."

"Did they get it?" Willie asked, with some misgiving. As yet they had served no meal on board the Luly Alice.

"Sure, they got butter. I had to give up to stop a mutiny. And what do you suppose the ungrateful heathens did with it?"

"Greased their boots?" Mr. Bloke was merely handing out a guess, being unused to the ways of the sea.

"No, by heavens, they actually—Jute paused to weigh his words, like butter at 40 cents per pound—"they ate it—lapped up good butter like so much cheap gravy and wanted more. Two members of that gang are still in the hospital. I don't know what these muckers want, but I can guess what they'll get. Just wait until the tugs let go; we don't want any tales carried back."

Overcome by the unnatural conduct of sailors in the treatment of butter confined to their care, the captain went below and pulled a cork.

"He is a nice old man—not," Willie whispered to himself.

Meanwhile, with the help of the officers, the four men fit for duty made sail enough to carry the bark. A mile beyond the Golden Gate the tug cut loose and returned, leaving the Luly Alice to plunge and wallow through a fleet of incoming crab fishers like a drunken swan in a flock of mud hens. Remembering that departing globe trotters always conjure up a maulin frame of mind for a farewell peep at things terrestrial, Mr. Bloke turned and gazed at the fog-swept heights of San Francisco. The reddish-brown streets, crossed in squares with reddish-brown houses packed between, showed plainly beneath the banks of mist.

"Looks from here like a pan of chocolate caramels," mused Mr. Bloke, who seldom lingered in moods sentimental.

The apparently hopeless job of digging order out of the tangled bunch of gear on deck and setting the sails interested the honorary member of the Seven Bells Club, and filled his soul with fear. Willie thought the vessel must be in great danger because of the helpless state of the crew, though the sanguine swearing of the officers reassured him a little. Two of the seamen, as already stated, had taken the come on genial drugs ashore and were snoring loudly in their cheerful bunks below. The smaller at the wheel left but three active men on duty.

One of them, a withered mariner of sixty, helped the mates on deck, and the remaining two went aloft to shake out the light sail. High up in the weather main topgallant rigging a large, lumpy-jointed Swede, in the throes of a warning jag, was struggling to reach and loose the

royal. Half way to the yard the bark gave a roll to leeward and a plunge forward at the same moment. The Swede had paused in the labored climb and was prowling in the pocket of his overalls with the left hand, presumably to locate the price of another drink.

"Help him, somebody; he'll be killed!" shrieked Mr. Bloke.

Yielding to the lurch, the lumpy-jointed seaman slid forward, rolled on and then underneath the shrouds, and hung away, like a quarter of beef, seven feet above deck, by the careless grip of one sinewy fist. A truly horrifying spectacle he made at that height, his chin sunk in his bosom, the feet bumping together like a couple of hams, and the left hand still groping in the bankrupt pocket.

"Help him, somebody; he'll be killed!" shrieked Mr. Bloke.

The chief mate paused long enough to straighten his neck and peer aloft.

"When he's dead you stand by for to write his epytaph," said Bill. "That's all you need to worry about."

Slowly awakening to the fact that there was no bar in front of him, the Swede placed his other hand in commission, crawled back into the rigging and pushed his thirst up to the royal yard. While he cast off the gaskets Mr. Barnacle took the halyard from its pin ready for the hoist when the mariner had descended.

"Tumble aft here and hoist away," shouted the mate, as the Swede dropped out of the rigging.

"Ay bay full lak oder fallers. Ay tank Ay go below for spell."

"Drunk and glad of it, I reckon," sneered Bill. "Do you refuse duty on the high seas?"

"No, Ay full lak oder fallers. Yust let him come on. Ay go below."

By this time the befuddled one, who held that equal rights should be accorded all seamen in their cups, had climbed over the boat skid and stood arguing beside the mate. Placing the halyard in the hands of the deep-sea socialist, Mr. Barnacle once more commanded him to haul.

"Ay bay full lak—"

"Biff!" A bunch of calloused knuckles bottled the argument and sent tiny jets of red spurting from the face of the Swede. It was an open, blue-eyed face, honest in every line, and, among men of reason, would act as a nonconductor to the fist; but men in authority at sea do not son.

Offering no resistance beyond clinging to the rope to prevent a knockdown, the Swede turned his battered title page in appeal to the captain, who had returned to the poop. Neither hope nor sympathy gleamed from that high place. To the jaundiced eye of Jute the Swede looked like a butter eater, so the second mate felt impelled to butt into the carnage. Tossing a loop of line over the head of the sailor from behind, he threw Ole in a back somersault across the boat skid. He landed on his hands and knees, in which position he remained passive while the second mate kicked his teeth loose, a common measure of discipline exercised on shipboard.

When his feet gave out the humane officer picked up a slab of board with intent to scalp Ole; but the chief mate shoved his assistant away, dragged the sailor to the rail, and once more requested him to haul. With his square head beaten almost round, the simple mariner developed

wit enough to do as he was told, and he buckled down to work satisfied that he had got what was coming to him. The mind of the sailor assays a low grade of common sense. Ninety per cent of them, after jumping off the Washington Monument, would turn to the right instead of the left.

"Now, you see what fried eggs and pie will do for sailors," said the captain.

Made ill by the scene of carnage and coercion he had witnessed, Mr. Bloke slid into the cabin. He was quite dizzy. The damp sea air had loosened the starch in his near-duck suit and provoked the glue that held the new cork helmet together. Willie was trying to decide whether the odor of a wet dog or of a moist messenger boy, when Capt. Jute's mustache, followed by that eminent reformer, floated into the cabin. Reaching into a locker, the captain hauled out one revolver and a slungshot, which hints on simple living he slid into the side pockets of his coat. Mr. Bloke grew pale and sarcastic.

"If I have eaten anything in San Francisco that disagrees with your idea of etiquette on the ocean I'll apologize right now. Or, if you can wait a few minutes, I'll be sick."

The captain batted his eyes.

"Oh, you're all right," he laughed. "The cook needs a little vibratory facial massage. It's a clear case of mutiny, and we must have supper."

"What has he been eating?"

"Hanged if I know. Dope, I suppose. They all do." Jute swore a few notes and smote his fat fists. "The cook's a Chinaman. That's all I know about him."

"He ought to be easy," said Willie. "The cook is in bad. On your theory that food breeds disorder and lawless deeds, the kitchen must be a regular hotbed of anarchy. Let's go and clean out the place and kill the cook."

"Now, look here, young man. Don't think you're running this ship because you paid passage. Forget it. I'm the boss skull cracker. All that is desired of you is to be devil and take three meals per day. If I don't stir up this Pagan cook," Jute went on in a softer voice, "there'll be no supper. I'll not murder him. Come along and be a witness for the Commonwealth."

The warlike skipper led the way to the cookhouse and entered, leaving the tourist at the door. In the top berth lay a long and very narrow Chinese, clad in white pajamas. The little Jap steward was trying to commit arson in the range at the opposite end of the room.

"What's the matter with that cuss?" the captain asked.

"Hm sick," replied the Jap.

His fellow-Pagan in the bunk rolled over and smiled, exposing two prodigious yellow fangs of the species known as buck teeth. The range projected outward at an angle that suggested a walrus posing for its picture.

"Holy spuds," said Jute. "What does mortal man want with teeth like that, unless he uses 'em to scrape the pots. Sick, is he? Here, come out of that bunk."

The invalid cook closed his ambiguous smile, but left the teeth on the outside. Jute gathered a fistful of sack pajama at the collar and threw his weight into the jerk. At the same moment the Luly Alice careened in the same direction as the skinny form of the cook came sailing out of the bunk. He plunged across the room and planted his features among the stove legs and a pile of metal gear allied to the culinary art.

"Now, will you be good and prepare some vesperian hash, you poppy pickled relic of an effete monarchy!" bellowed the captain. Under stress of discipline Jute sometimes lapsed into pure English.

"I thought there wasn't to be any murder," said the witness for the Commonwealth, reeling giddily in the doorway.

"Takes more than that to stiffen a Chin," panted the captain. "I reckon that slant jolted the popples out of his top." He stirred the cook with his foot and that poppy pickled relic of an effete, etc., etc., rolled over and climbed up the side of the stove. A glow of shrill Oriental remarks filtered through the buck teeth.

"Remember, sir, my mother was a lady," said the justly indignant Jute, ramming the cook among the teeth with his fist. The poor devil made another high dive into the pots and the horrified Bloke streaked it back to the cabin.

On the way he saw Jute and the mate drag the cook to the rigging and, lash him there. And later in the evening the Jap, chief pro tem., served a meal of fresh beef steed with the grain and par-boiled in lard. Mr. Bloke did not partake of the first anniversary supper under the auspices of the Seven Bells Club at sea. He took a silent oath never to eat again, while he lived.

Long after he had gone to bed Willie heard coarse language in the cabin. He peeked out. Mr. Barnacle had a bottle of liniment labeled, "Good for Man and Beast," with which he anointed two deep cuts in the captain's right fist.

"I hope he dies of hydrophobia before morning," was the ardent wish of Mr. Willie Bloke, tourist.

### PUCK'S SONG.

See you the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O, that was where the heeled guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you the little mill that clicks  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Doomsday Book.

See you the stilly woods of oak  
And the dead little ditch beside?  
O, there was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy lovely spread  
About the gates of Ryde?  
O, that was where the Normans fled  
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you after rain the traces  
Of mounds, and ditch, and wall?  
O, that was a Legion's camping place  
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade  
Like shadows on the dunes?  
O, they are the lines the Finns made  
To guard their wondrous towns.

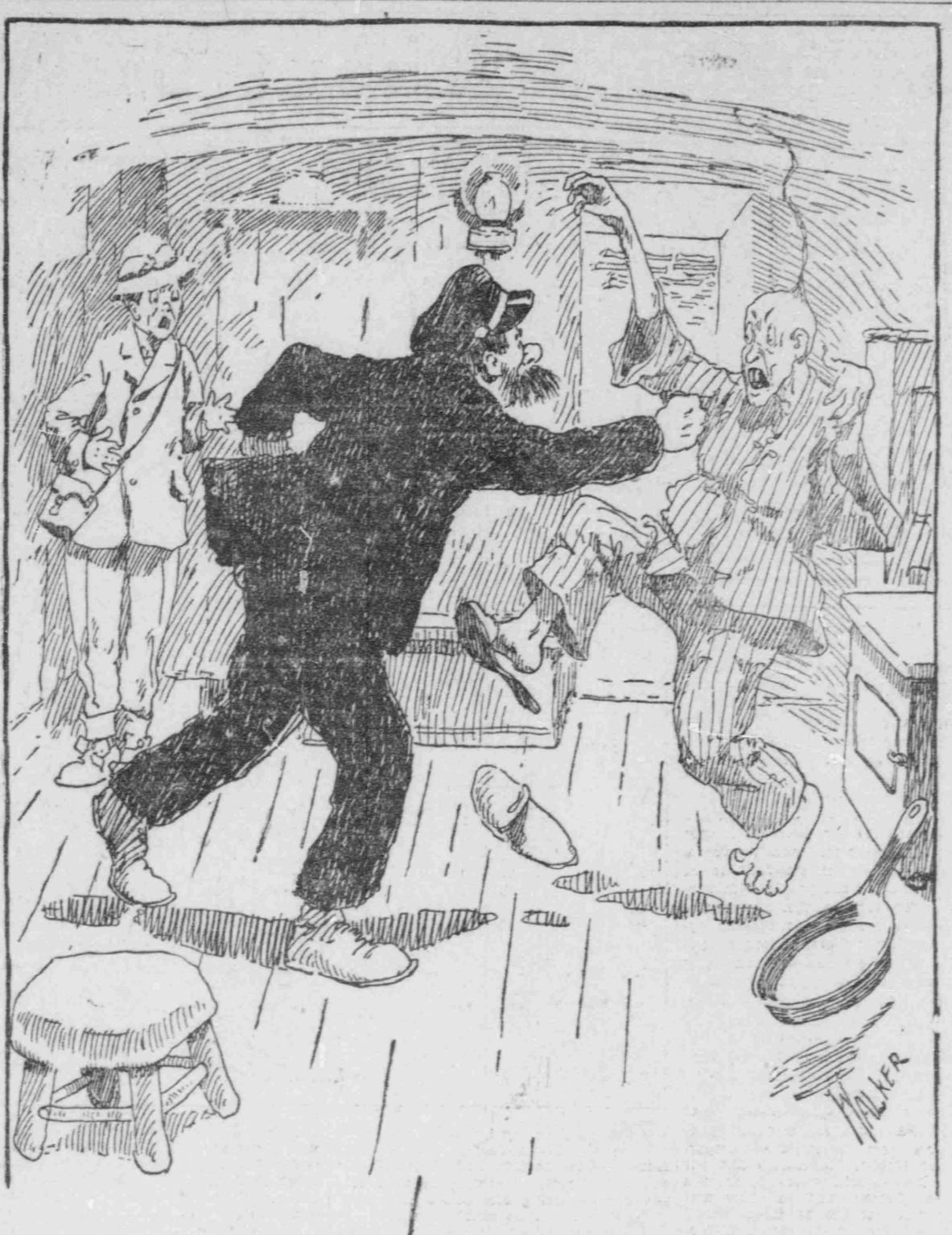
Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt marsh where now is corn,  
Old wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born.

—Puck of Pook's Hill, by Rudyard Kipling.

### IN THE AUTUMN.

Yellow, brown, and scarlet leaves,  
Rustling down the autumn breeze,  
Turbulently rattling,  
Mischievously frolicking:  
Here they come and there they go,  
Whirling gaily to and fro,  
Victories of fun and folly:  
How they banish melancholy!  
Sport of every wind that blows,  
Fanning breezes of the soons:  
Chasing upward through the air,  
Falling, falling, everywhere.

L. C. ROBINSON.



"Remember, Sir, My Mother Was a Lady!"

## RAN DOWN WAR PLOT

Notable Service of Col. Ayer in Middle West.

## SAVED CHICAGO FROM ATTACK

Story of the Man Who Ferreted Out the Leaders of the "Golden Circle," and Their Plans for the Formation of a Northwestern Confederacy. Thousands in the Conspiracy.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Passing his declining days in Northville, Mich., is Col. I. Winslow Ayer, the man who thwarted the great Chicago conspiracy plot in the year 1864. His gallantry unquestionably saved that city from pillage, fire, and the sword. For many years Col. Ayer, now seventy-nine, petitioned the War Department, and later Congress, for his relief, but has been bitterly disappointed.

When the war broke out, I. Winslow Ayer was living in Kentucky. The disloyal organization known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle" was laying seditious plans to stir interest among neutral or treasonably inclined Northerners, open the Northern prisons in which rebel troops were incarcerated, distribute arms and ammunition, sack and burn towns, and spread a reign of terror and devastation, looking toward a Northern Confederacy.

Part of this plan, touching the release of 15,000 Confederate troops imprisoned at Chicago, and also the liberation of rebel prisoners on Johnsons Island, Lake Erie, soon became known to Dr. Ayer.

As he delved into the work of Knights of the Golden Circle, Dr. Ayer could scarcely believe the dastardly revelations. It seemed to him incredible that such depths of disloyalty could exist in his dearer beloved country. Among the reckless deeds he traced to members was the burning of United States transports, with Greek fire, on the Mississippi at Louisville; assassinating Union soldiers on furlough, burning of soldiers' houses, and other acts of violence.

Officers Investigate Plots.

In 1863 Maj. Gen. S. P. Heintzelman was in charge of the Department of Ohio, including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky and Missouri. By his order Brig. Gen. H. B. Carrington was assigned to the duty of investigating treasonable plots, now rapidly multiplying in the North and West. Dr. Ayer, knowing of these seditious plans, felt inspired to do all in his power to break up the Knights of the Golden Circle and affiliated bodies. In the summer of 1863 Carrington arrested Bowles, Dodd, Heffren, and other Indiana leaders. Four of these men were found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death on the gallows. Carrington followed up his work by seizing the books and papers of the order, exposing the names of the members in Indiana, running traitors down, uncovering arms and supplies, and destroying the rolls and rituals. All these facts were reported to Secretary Stanton by Judge Advocate General Holt, October 8, 1864.

Ayer's services to the government followed Carrington's work. Col. Ayer, studying events closely, did not share the sanguine report that the treasonable societies were broken up. He determined to risk his private fortune, if need be, to serve his country.

He learned that the great draft riots in New York City, July, 1863, were incited by members of the seditious order, "American Knights." The vigilance of the United States officers made it necessary for the conspirators to leave New York. The plan was to open headquarters at Chicago and begin plotting to form the Northwestern Confederacy. Indiana was to be its leading State. Chicago the capital.

The legislature of Indiana was largely disloyal, both branches included. Senator

Heffren, deputy grand commander of the order, had power to call out the entire force in that State, less than 100,000 men. The State auditor and other high officials also held memberships in the "American Knights." It was afterward clearly shown that Indiana had a United States Senator pledged to the newly planned Northwestern Confederacy.

The order becoming alarmed at the possibility of exposure had changed its name. Thus, the "Knights of the Golden Circle" became "American Knights," and finally "Sons of Liberty." Changes were also made in the ritual, password, location of halls, and a complete reorganization effected, with a view to profound secrecy.

In Chicago were three regiments of the conspirators, well-armed and efficient in drill. The force in Illinois was found by Col. Ayer to be 50,000 oath-bound conspirators, ready to move against the government, and set up the Northwestern Confederacy.

Col. Ayer now came to the conclusion, on deep investigation, that the order had changed its plan from purely social to severely military aims. The supreme commander was commander-in-chief of the armed "Sons of Liberty," and there were likewise officers of each grade, on the regular army scale.

## Had a Military Government.

Col. Ayer discovered that the plotters had a military government, comprising 600,000 oath-bound, armed, drilled troops. Impressed by the peril to the Union, Ayer disclosed these startling facts to W. H. Rand, Senator Arnold, and Gov. Yates, who treated the revelations lightly, thinking them mere vagaries, but later, impressed with the alarming situation, Gov. Yates urged Col. Ayer to break up the plot, if possible, and bring the conspirators to book. Ayer at once entered actively into the secret and hazardous work of unearthing the conspirators.

The conspirators, without knowledge of the nets now cast about them, continued their seditious work.

In October, 1864, Chicago council adopted a resolution to reward with a gift of \$50,000 the person who would kill Abraham Lincoln. The day following, this dastardly action was known to Col. Sweet, who in turn communicated the news to Washington.

The next plan unearthed by Col. Ayer was the avowed intention of the conspirators to assassinate Gov. Morton, of Indiana, with details of the plot.

Events were now rapidly drifting toward revolution. November 8, election day, was fixed as the time for beginning the rebellion. Forty-eight hours before the official date, the traitors who led the movement met for the last time at "Invincible Hall," Chicago. There was a large crowd of conspirators, and a more bloodthirsty gathering of dangerous men it would be hard to find. The supreme commander of the order was present, and disclosed in detail the plan of rebellion. On election night buildings were to be fired in various parts of Chicago. This wholesale arson would engage the attention of the people while Camp Douglas was attacked. That a plot might not be suspected, the conspirators were to go to the vicinity of the camp in small groups. The assault on Camp Douglas was to be made from three sides at once; then the rebel prisoners, all veterans, were to be released and the march on Chicago was to begin. Once in the hands of the mob, the secret leaders of the rebellion were to come forth and proclaim the Northwestern Confederacy. At the close of the Invincible Club meeting, revolvers were distributed and the hiding place of large stores of arms and ammunition divulged, meeting places arranged, signals decided upon, and a large map of the rebel camp was exposed and explained that no conspirator might be unfamiliar with the minute details of attack.

Thousands Were in Conspiracy.

The Chicago uprising was to be followed by simultaneous advance by Hood upon Nashville, Buckner upon Louisville, and Price upon St. Louis. Vallandigham was to head the mob in Ohio, Bowles in Indiana, and Walsh in Illinois, whose forces were rendezvoused at Dayton, Cincinnati, New Albany, Indianapolis, Rockland, Chicago, and Springfield.

Months before the plot had been concocted, Jacob Thompson, supplied with

\$250,000, had been sent to Montreal and Toronto. This money was to furnish funds for the expeditions against Johnsons Island and Camp Douglas. A force of 1,200 Canadians and "butterfat" bushwhackers from Southern Illinois was to move against Camp Douglas; but the full strength of the "Sons of Liberty" exceeded 500,000 men, scattered throughout the West and Middle West. In the general uprising other Northern cities were to be sacked and burned. Two hundred Confederate officers, who were to direct the movement, had made secret trips to Canada, had been instructed there, but were now scattered throughout the territory in which the uprising was to take place. Col. Hines, who by successful management of Morgan's escape had won the confidence of Thompson, had control of the initial movement against Camp Douglas, but Col. St. Leger Grenfell, Raider Morgan's adjutant, was to have charge of the military part of the operations; Grenfell was to be aided by Col. Marmaduke and a dozen other reckless officers.

## Ringleaders All Captured.

Grenfell was a military freebooter who had fought under many flags, a daring character, who seemingly engaged in war from sheer recklessness. In battle he was a thunderbolt—lightning harnessed and inspired by the will of the devil. Grenfell, soldier of fortune, bravo, buccaner, freebooter, was the very man to lead the desperate expedition against Camp Douglas and to lend aid in the establishment of a new rebel republic. In Grenfell's company was usually found J. T. Shanks, an escaped prisoner of war; Capt. Cantrell, of Morgan's cavalry, and daring Charles Walsh, a general of the Sons of Liberty. After the conspiracy plot was exposed, Grenfell fled and later was known to be in the British service, following his trade of blood in Egypt. His subsequent history is not known.

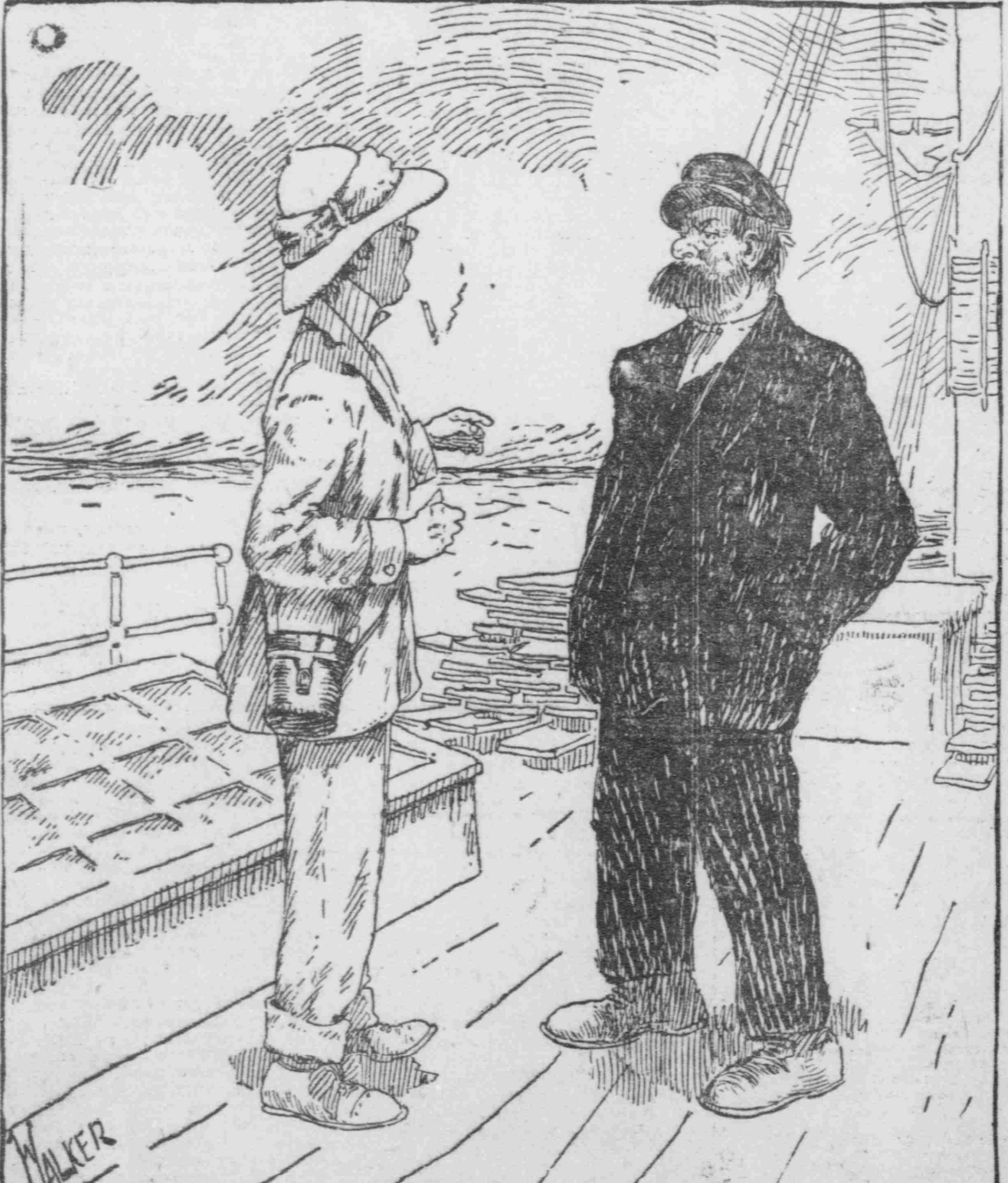
At 11 o'clock on the night of the uprising, Col. Ayer has a last secret meeting with Col. Sweet, and a final stand was planned. An order was given to arrest the ringleaders, who had been closely shadowed by a cloud of men in Col. Ayer's employ; the location of secret hiding places for arms and ammunition had been discovered and raids ordered. In brief, the government had decided to control the situation. Col. Ayer had run down the conspiracy until, at the critical moment, he was able to place his hand on every detail of the dastardly plot. Closed carriages and drays were called into requisition, and from Col. Ayer's lists of 150 ringleaders were landed prisoners in Camp Douglas, huge stores of muskets, revolvers, and ammunition captured. And the conspiracy broken up—just in the nick of time. Nearly all the ringleaders were afterward convicted; some of them were sentenced to the gallows.

National Disaster Averted.

Col. St. Leger Grenfell was waiting the release of the prisoners. He was then to take command. His intention was to raise the black flag," says Col. Ayer, "pillage the banks, seize the telegraph lines, overawe the police force, burn houses, and by other desperate measures compel the submission of the city before the arrival of help from the Union army; and, knowing well that the Sons of Liberty had a following of 500,000 men, many of them Confederate veterans, Col. Grenfell felt sure of the success of his plan.

"At the trial of the conspirators, the fact was developed that had forty-eight hours' delay taken place in the uncovering of the plot, the Sons of Liberty would have carried out their purpose. The fall of Camp Douglas would, in the opinion of those Union officers best able to judge, have been a national calamity, attended by no one knows what ultimate losses.

"The position of the Union forces in the field, at this time, was not such as to warrant the belief that the advance of the armies of the conspirators could have been checked before national disaster had occurred. Post Camp Douglas, second only to Fort Monroe, was liable to invasion from Canada; and, indeed, several expeditions from Canada had already gone secretly to Chicago to look the ground over. The destruction of Camp Douglas would have brought a reign of terror throughout Illinois, Indiana, and in those near-by States in which the Sons of Liberty were preparing for the Northwestern Confederacy."



"Last Trip My Crew Actually Demanded Butter!"